A New Ballad,

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

WHEN the Twenty brave Pleaders, cull'd out of the Throng,
For their quickneſs of Parts, and their voluble Tongue,
Had read all their Speeches, and rehears'd all their Wit,
And left their Wiſe Lordſhips in Judgment to ſit:
A Prelate *adroit*
At Text or Debate,
Summon'd Eight truſty Brethren in Council to meet.
They whip on their Cloaks, and to *Hockley* they go,
To know what his Kirkſhip wou'd have them to do.

II.

When they came, all the Waiters were order'd away,
And they drank to Low-Church in a Gallon of Tea:
Quoth he, I've long wiſh'd to ſee you all here;
For Matters of Moment require our Care.
The Godly Lay-Five,
Who all Methods contrive,
That the PROTESTANT CHURCH may ſtill Flouriſh and Thrive:
By me their ſure Nuncio do ſend you this Greeting,
And pray'd me to tell you how to Vote the next Meeting.

III.

Our Friends have now routed this Prieſt and his Cauſe,
In ſpight of his Homilies, Lawyers and Laws:
Strong *Le—h—re* ſhew'd Art, gentle *D—l—n* had Grace,
Had Oil in his Tongue, and a Bluſh in his Face:
St—h——e ſoft as a Dove,
Fam'd for Arms and for Love,
With ſweeteſt Perſuaſion the Ladies did move.
But oh! what a Spirit? What a Rhetorick Divine;
In lofty Sir *J——s* and Lord *W———m* did ſhine?

IV.

Let us then, my good Lords, to each other be true,
And ſhew in Church-Matters what Biſhops ſhou'd do:
I'll tell what by me and Great *William* was done,
And prove him a Traytor that calls Folks *Volpone*.
I'll tell them a Tale,
That to meet them ſhan't fail,
Of a Dame made a Victim to High-flying Zeal:
'Twould move Fleſh and Blood for to ſee her Undreſs'd,
And hew'd all to pieces by a Hot-headed Prieſt.

V

V.

For us 'twould be ſhameful in ſilence to ſit,
When a Prieſt is a Roaſting, we ſhou'd help turn the Spit.
Do you, my Lord *O*——*d*, againſt Monarchs be keen;
But as you love *Worceſter*, except the good QUEEN.
This perhaps by the by,
In your Way may not lie,
But my *Weſt* and the *Hoadly*'s will Matters ſupply.
That you're for a gentle, mild Sentence, give out:
When the Queſtion is put, you know how to Vote.

VI.

On you, Brother *N*——'s we chiefly depend,
The Right of our Puritan Friends to defend:
Now ſtrive to excel both your Patron's Renown:
Be as Juſt as the Father, and as Wiſe as the Son.
From you honeſt *C*——*ich*
We ſhou'd claim a fine Speech,
On this Ranting High Sermon the Commons impeach:
But now *Eaſter*'s at hand, we expect not a Word,
Since the Pariſh bids more than we can afford.

VII.

Of the reſt here the *Junto* no Queſtions do make,
For on this only Card their All lies at Stake:
Some Lay Peers they doubt will be apt for to flinch,
But are ſure that your Lordſhips will budge not an Inch:
What tho' we all once
Did Reſiſtance renounce,
And for not being Paſſive, poor *Julian* did trounce:
Sure we never took up our Opinions for Life,
For better, for worſe, as a Man takes his Wife.

VIII.

Thus incens'd at the Doctor, theſe Right Reverend Teachers,
Vow'd they'd make him a Warning to all High-Church Preachers.
But oh! how they look'd when their Friends hung an Arſe,
And their deep-plotted Tragedy turn'd to a Farce:
With Amazement they found
Their Cauſe at a Ground,
And the Hall with loud Ecchо's of Joy to refound.
Then ſlunk to their Coaches, the Doctor did follow,
They went off with a Whoop, and He with a Hallow.